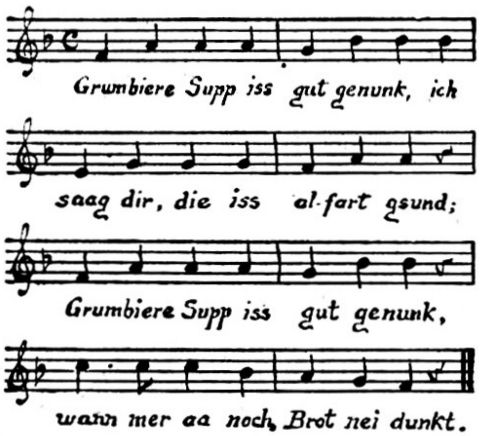
GRUMBIERE SUPP

It is said that the paleontologist, given a part of the jawbone or some other fragment of the skeleton of a prehistoric animal, can recontruct the same to a great degree of accuracy.

A once well-known folksong, "Grumbiere Supp," was to be sung at the annual meeting of the Grundsau Lodge, Nummer zwee, an de Schibbach. Unfortunately only a few scattered phrases continued to linger in the memory of men. These were brought to our dialect poet John Birmelin. He applied his magic wand and the result is before us.

Whether our ancestors brought this song of the humble potato with them from their native land, we do not venture to say. But we do know that the potato was known in the Palatinate in the 17th century. One source points out that Waldensians from Piedmont brought the potato with them when they settled in Germersheim. Already at the time of the migrations to Pennsylvania the Palatines called the potato the "Grundbirne," and hence our term "Grumbiere."

The few fragments furnished John Birmelin are printed in bold type.



Grumbiere Supp is gut genunk,
Ich saag dir, die is alfart g'sund.

Chorus

Grumbiere Supp is gut genunk,
Wann mer aa noch Brot nei dunkt.
(To be repeated after each stanza)

Dutt mer Salz un Peffer nei,
Do soll sie aa noch besser sei.

Grumbiere Supp, un gliedich heess,
Blos sie yuscht un sei net bees!

Wann mer sich die Zung verbrennt,
Yuscht geleffelt, frisch nei g'henkt!

Wann mer maeryets frieh uffschteht,
Grumbiere Supp wann der Haahne graeht.

Grumbiere Supp in de Middaags Schtund,
Draus am Dierli blafft der Hund.

Owets singt der Hawwergees,
Weil er schunscht nichs bessres weess.

Grumbiere Supp wann der Schnee uff em Boddem iss,
Grumbiere Supp fer die kalte Fiess.

Summers hot's ken Schnee un Eis,
Kumme dann die Hawwerleis.

Grumbiere Supp un scheene Maed,
Buwe, sei mer yuscht net bleed!

Hot mer aa ken Schnitz un Gnepp,
Sauergraut un Seideschpeck.

Grumbiere Supp as die Katz driwwwer laffe kann,
Grumbiere Supp as mer'n Hund dot schmeisse kann.

Grumbiere Supp, wer die net kennt,
Frog yuscht mol der Haabtmann Zendt!

Der Gehmann schreibt in Hitz un Kelt,
Der Kline gebt immer acht uff's Geld.

Der Allebach iss'n guder Koch,
Der Landis schreibt am Grundsau Loch.

Grumbiere, Grumbiere, Grumbiere Supp,
Hopsa, Haffedeckel, schlipp, schlipp, schlupp!

Zammegebeschtelt vum JOHN BIRMELIN.

Sung at the meeting of Grundsau Lodge Nummer zwee an de Schibbach, Telford, Pa. on Feb. 2, 1944.
John Birmelin claims the distinction of being the first to recognize that "Grumbiere Supp" is not poetry.—ED.